



HOLINESS TO THE LORD

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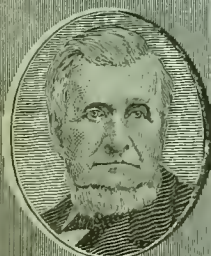
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EDITOR.
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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

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VOL. XXIV.—No. 18. SALT LAKE CITY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1889. TERMS: { \$2.00 per year
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MONTENEGRO AND ITS PEOPLE.

AMONG all the inhabitants of Europe perhaps there are none to excel in hardiness and agility the Montenegrins, who occupy that very mountainous region of country in southern Europe lying between Bosnia and Albania. Though having but an

years received a subsidy. The Berlin conference of the great European powers, in 1878, however, acknowledged the independence of Montenegro, and granted it an extension of territory so as to embrace a portion of the sea coast. This, Turkey agreed to cede to the little principality, but there was so much delay in making the transfer that a



A MONTENEGRIN DANCE.

area of about thirty-six hundred square miles, and with a limited population of some two hundred thousand, it has been able to maintain its independence amid the changing fortunes of European nations, and notwithstanding the numerous attacks which have been made upon it, principally by the Turks. At times it was under the protection of the Russian government, from which it for many

naval demonstration against the Porte was made by the powers in order to hasten matters.

The country is very mountainous, so much so, in fact, that none but those accustomed to the place can succeed in finding their way among the numerous cavities, valleys and depressions broken by craggy ridges, of which the whole land consists. The residents say,

"When God created the world, He held in His hand a sack full of mountains. Right above Montenegro the sack burst, and hence the fearful chaos of rocks which you see before you."

It is alone the love of liberty that keeps this people from deserting their dreary homes in the barren valleys of the mountains and descending to the more fruitful plains below. But experience has taught them that this latter course is sure to bring them into bondage to their ever-watchful enemies, and they therefore choose the life of hardship and toil in the rocky wilds with the freedom it brings. For many years the fear of an invasion of their mountain fastnesses caused them to avoid making roads into their country. Even their capital, Tsetinye, which lies in the very midst of the mountains in the center of an ancient lake basin, was approachable until of late only by a most difficult mountain path. The requirements of commerce, however, have caused the construction, within recent years, of a carriage road, which might still be easily made impassible in the case of an invasion of the country by a foreign foe.

The Montenegrins are of the Servian stock, though association with other people and the life of almost constant warfare which they have had to lead, have given them distinct characteristics. They are as a rule of a violent disposition, and ready at all times to resent an insult with a bullet or the sword. Weapons of war are their constant companions, and it is common among them for a man to carry in his belt from two to six pistols in addition to his sword. Even the workman in the fields has a carbine by his side. Blood for blood has for ages been the law among them, the slightest scratch being required at the hands of the party inflicting it. This blood vengeance was transmitted frequently through several generations, and it is only the enactment of a most severe law against this practice that has placed a check upon it. Now, murderers, rebels, incendiaries, traitors, thieves twice convicted and scoffers

at religion are subject, under the law, to the death penalty.

Though generally of handsome form and powerful build the Montenegrin is not as a rule beautiful of countenance. More regular and pleasing are the features of the females than those of the males, but in bodily strength and elasticity nothing remains to be desired in either sex.

In matters of war these people have received a very good training. A constant preparation for military action has been the price they have paid for freedom. They seem to be fearless in battle, and great honor is given those who fall in the field. It is a wish universally expressed among them at the cradle of a new-born infant, "May you never die in bed," and if a man is so unfortunate as to succumb to disease or old age, his surviving relatives seek quickly to find some excuse for the great misfortune.

Our illustration represents a party of Montenegrin soldiers going through a peculiar sort of dance for the entertainment of one of their princes and three American visitors who have called upon him. In this dance considerable activity is exhibited in going through the various steps, and every few moments the swords are clashed and the pistols fired to add animation and life to the performance. These dances are of frequent occurrence in the soldiers' camps when war is in progress. They are encouraged by the officers, as they seem to renew the energy and strengthen the courage of such as may feel disposed to waver or lose heart in the cause for which they are fighting.

H.



MEDITATION is the tongue of the soul and the language of our spirit; and our wandering thoughts in prayer are but the neglects of meditation and recessions from that duty; and according as we neglect meditation, so are our prayers imperfect,—meditation being the soul of prayer and the intention of our spirit.

AN UNPOLISHED DIAMOND.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 396.)

THIS is Incendiary Jack's story. A story which shows more genuine heroism, more unselfish love than many a highly praised act of a fame-crowned hero. I was filled with astonishment and unbounded esteem for the aged man, and we separated from each other as friends.

Only after a lapse of three years did my travels again bring me to that secluded village. The jolly host of former times immediately recognized and heartily greeted me, and there being no one else to demand his attention he entered into conversation with me while I refreshed myself with a meal. My first inquiry was naturally about Incendiary Jack. To my astonishment, the question immediately drove from the broad, flushed face of my host every trace of his customary smile.

"He died a year ago," was the solemn reply. Then he added with a mournful shake of the head, "But, sir, he is no longer called by that name."

I listened all attention. "Why not?" asked I quickly, moved by a hopeful premonition.

"Why not?" replied my host with great earnestness. "Because after all these years it is discovered that Sepp, the miller of the Erlen mill, and not Jack, was the incendiary."

At these words he leaned back in his chair and steadily looked me in the face to note the impression made upon me by this unexpected revelation.

I threw down my knife and fork, and with the greatest emotion inquired, "And did Jack finally make this confession on his dying bed?"

"Oh, no," responded my host, with an energetic shake of the head. "He was as silent on his death-bed as he had been during his life. From him no person heard a single word."

"Well, then how was the innocence of Jack established?"

"This, sir, I will relate if you care to listen."

"Certainly, certainly, tell me as accurately as you can," I urged.

"As I just mentioned, Jack died a year ago. No one knew that he was sick. After some days had elapsed without his being seen at the graveyard, neighbor Kramer's son George went to his hut to see about him. Jack lay stretched upon his bed and set his eyes upon George but did not recognize him. On that same evening he died. Because he died, however, an unrepentant sinner, his grave was dug back against the wall, far from the resting places of the good Christians. The priest was not present, nor did the bell sound his funeral knell as his body was covered. This ceremony did not last long, and then Jack was left without even a passing thought from anyone.

"This summer, just about the time of harvest, when all who were strong in body and limb were in the field, neighbor Kramer's aged wife sat before her door nursing her youngest grandchild. Looking down the street she saw Nani, Sepp's widow, running towards her as though bereft of reason. Her hair streamed behind, her face was blanched and her eyes were set in their sockets. In her hand she held a paper. Running past the old lady she went straight to the priest's home. There she remained so long that the wondering spectator began to think that she would never more come out. Finally the door opened, and Nani, trembling in every limb and sobbing as though her heart would break, descended the steps. The priest attended her to the gate, trying to comfort her. As she passed the old lady, the latter inquired the cause of her grief, but Nani only shook her head as she went on, and wept as though her heart would break. The returning workers marveled as they were told, of what had occurred, and Nani was the subject of remark for the whole village during that evening.

"The next day was Sunday, and with a very solemn countenance the priest entered the pulpit. He read a short text from the

Bible, then laid the holy book aside, and drew from his pocket a well-worn paper with the remark that the most impressive sermon he was capable of delivering could be obtained from the writing of the dead Erlen miller, which he would now read. His wife had found the paper in a closet where Sepp had laid away and kept under lock and key his savings, marriage certificate, baptismal records and such like. The closet had never been opened by his wife until yesterday, when she was compelled by her necessities to take some of the money that had been saved. While busy looking over the articles there piled away, she found this paper at the bottom of the heap. By means of this written statement, which the miller's wife had immediately handed to the priest, a great injustice had come to light, which he and all his hearers had committed on one who was now in the cold embrace of death.

"While the priest was thus speaking we looked at him in wonder. Then commenced a nudging, whispering and buzzing in the congregation such as had never before been heard in the church. As the priest, however, unfolded the paper and began to read, all was instantly stilled. I am not possessed of a very retentive memory, but that which Sepp had written I can almost repeat word for word. The writing commenced thus:

"I, Sepp, the miller of the Erlen mill, confess hereby a great sin which for days and years has troubled my conscience, and for which may God be merciful!

"It is now almost ten years since fire was set to Lehnhof. Jack being close by was seized as the incendiary and sent to prison. I myself, however, am the one who laid the fire to Lehnhof, after a bitter quarrel which I had with its owner. Jack saw this, and from his great friendship for me he assumed all the shame and punishment therefor. And I, to spare Nani and my child, remained quiet. I well know that the earth contains no more disgraceful being than I; but it also has had no one more miserable than I have been since the day they imprisoned Jack and

I had my freedom as though nothing had occurred. I could no longer look those I knew in the face, because it seemed that everyone must see in my countenance the evidence of my guilt. By night and day the pale countenance of Jack was before my eyes, and when he was released and the people shouted after him, 'Incendiary Jack,' I nearly lost my reason. Time and again I felt urged to relieve my conscience by confessing all, but when I looked at Nani and the children I would again lose all courage, and Jack himself had threatened that he would kill himself if I should tell. Still I had no peace, and therefore I have prepared this paper without the knowledge of anyone and laid it in the closet, so that after my death it may be found. Upon whoever finds it I impose the solemn duty of having it read before the whole community, so that Jack's honor may be again restored to him. I hope that the Lord will in His mercy accept as a partial atonement for my sin the terrible grief I have endured all these years. I further hope that the people of the village will not permit dishonor to attach to my wife and children because of my wrong. It was no fault of theirs that I was so wicked.

"I have now but one request more to make of Nani, that she will not entirely banish me from her memory when she hears all. It happened because of my deep love for her, and I could not endure the thought of having her despise me. She will, I trust, still bear me some love, and pray for the delivery of my soul from the torture it so justly merits. I will greatly need her virtuous prayers. May God be merciful! Amen!"

"I tell you, sir, as the priest was reading, one could have heard a leaf fall from the old willow tree outside the church, everything was so still. Scarcely did the hearers breathe from fear of losing a single word. But at the close, involuntary sobs escaped the lips of the women. You may well believe we were nearer crying than laughing as each one thought of the abuse he had heaped upon Jack, and every unkind word spoken to him now weighed as a millstone on the heart.

Even the voice of the priest became husky as he continued to read. Then the whole congregation rushed from the church, and whoever possessed a garden containing flowers, plucked these and carried them to the graveyard to strew upon Jack's grave. Every weed which had grown upon his untended grave was quickly removed, and it was strewn with choicest flowers. Then came the priest and dedicated the spot, while the weeping people stood around silently petitioning for pardon for the great injustice they had done the dead hero.

"There were such present who seemed ready to destroy the stone which marked the last resting-place of Sepp, but their hearts melted within them as they turned towards it, for there was Nani clinging to it and weeping as if her heart would break, while with her sobs was mingled a prayer for Sepp's forgiveness. The light-hearted, joyous Nani of old became solemn and sad. All light seemed to have gone out of her life. Every day she might be seen strewing flowers upon Jack's grave and praying by that of her husband.

"Thus, sir," said my host, "ends the narration. I have told you all, and trust you will not be angered that I have hindered you in your meal. Should you go near the graveyard you will find no difficulty in discovering Jack's grave—it is marked by the finest monument of all."

I thanked my host warmly for his information, and taking my hat I immediately made my way to Jack's resting place. The relief I experienced in knowing that justice had been finally done this noble man, though it came too late to be of earthly service to him, was inexpressible, and I felt that the remembrance of the wrong done him would surely prevent this honest community from again judging the heart of an individual by his external appearance.

At the cemetery I quickly found the stone erected to noble Jack's memory, and there inscribed in large letters were the words:

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL: FOR THEY SHALL OBTAIN MERCY.

"BLESSED ARE THEY WHICH ARE PERSECUTED FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS' SAKE: FOR THEIR'S IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

E. Wittmann.

[Translated from the German.]

A SOLEMN WARNING.

THERE now lies in jail in Bessemer, Michigan, awaiting trial on the double charge of robbery and murder a young man twenty-two years of age. His name is Reimund Holzhey, though he has been called "Black Bart" because of his numerous and risky robberies which were fully equal in daring to those committed by the famous highwayman of California of the latter cognomen. This youth, for he is little more than such though so deeply involved in crime, was born in Germany, and is said to have been a mild-mannered though rugged boy, winning the admiration and love of his associates by his brave and kind conduct. Being fond of reading he quickly devoured the contents of all books that came in his way. One day he chanced to receive a dime novel which he hastily read. How fatal! That one novel created within him the morbid desire for more such trash. He obtained the books and to these, he solemnly states, is due the credit for his career of crime. Over a hundred of these soul-destroying novels were found in his room. The poison upon which the mind of young Holzhey thus fed started him on a career full of adventure and excitement which will doubtless bring him to the gallows.

The last crime which made the hunt for the lone highwayman an active and determined one was the robbery of the Gogebic stage-coach on the last Monday in August and the infliction of wounds from which one of the passengers afterwards died. The stage-coach plies between the Gogebic station on the Milwaukee, Lake Shore and Western road and a Summer resort hotel on Gogebic Lake, three miles distant. It left the hotel with a party of four men who had been spending

several weeks there. About 11:30 o'clock A.M., as the stage was dragging lazily along over the road, its driver was startled by a command to hold in the reins and not make a single move, at the peril of his life.

There, in front of him, was the stage-robber, wearing a slouch hat and holding two immense revolvers, which he pointed at the driver. One of the passengers adopted a trick to throw the robber off his guard. He had a considerable amount of money on his person and did not want it taken from him. When the highwayman extended a general invitation to 'cash in' he put his hand into his coat pocket presumably to get a pocket-book, but really to get his revolver. He drew it and commenced firing at the robber, who stood his ground and returned the fire.

The horses dashed away at a rapid rate, but the robber continued to empty his revolvers at the men in the coach. Mr. Fleischbein, one of the passengers, rose up in his seat and received a 44-calibre bullet in his hip. At the same time the coach gave a lurch and he was thrown forward in the roadway. A Mr. MacArthur also fell a victim to the robber's murderous weapons. He received two bullet-wounds—one in the left side of the head and another in the leg.

The robber pounced upon his helpless victim in the roadway, shoved a pistol in his face and threatened to finish him then and there. Fleischbein pleaded for his life, and the robber, after going through his pockets, got about forty dollars in money, a watch and chain, and a ring, and left him lying bleeding and helpless in the road. He lay there nearly three hours before the arrival of assistance. Then he was taken to Bessemer, where he was put into the hospital and his wounds cared for, but he had bled so much that his strength was sapped and he died that night, having first furnished a good description of the highwayman. Mr. MacArthur was taken to Minneapolis, where, at last accounts, he was said to be on the road to recovery.

As soon as the news of the robbery reached Ashland, Sheriff Foley and posse

started in pursuit. They were soon joined by a mob under Judge Lynch. A pack of bloodhounds with their Indian tracers were also brought into requisition. All avenues of escape were cut off, and a systematic hunt was begun, which ended this morning.

Holzhey went to Republic one evening. The hiding place in the woods had evidently become too warm for him and he hoped to find safety in some populated center. He put up at the Republic House and at once created suspicion. All the officers of the towns thereabouts had been furnished with a description of the robber and he was at once placed under surveillance. The Bessemer authorities were telegraphed, but up to an early hour this morning no answer was received from them. Marshal Glode, fearful lest the robber should escape, determined to make the arrest. At seven o'clock on the morning of August 31st he and Justice Weiser were walking down the street from their homes, and when near the railroad depot met a man dressed roughly and apparently anxious to escape attention. The Marshal immediately stepped in front of the man, saying: "I want you."

The stranger whipped his hand to his hip pocket, but before he could draw a pistol was felled by Marshal Glode's billy. He was taken to the village jail, recovering consciousness on the way. At the jail he was searched and three revolvers, three gold watches, four pocketbooks and other articles were found on his person. One pocketbook bore the name of Reimund Holzhey, the robber's name. He broke down under examination and acknowledged committing the robbery of the Milwaukee and Northern train at Ellis Junction last May and the robbery at Lake Gogebic. Among the pocketbooks found on him was the one that he took from Fleischbein. It was some time before Holzhey would admit his identity, but finally, when confronted by evidence of his own pocketbook, acknowledged his identity. He stubbornly refused to say that he had committed other robberies than those at Ellis Junction and Gogebic,

but after much cross-examination said: "It is generally supposed that one man has done them all, and I think that is so." He then made a full confession of his various robberies.

His first attempt at stage robbing was in April last, when he held up a stage going from Pulsifer to Simond, on the line of the Milwaukee, Lake Shore and Western road. At that time he appeared with a red handkerchief tied over his face. In the second attempt he secured the mail pouch, containing several hundred dollars in money, and robbed two passengers of fifty dollars. His third play was made on the stage running from Shawano to Langlade on the Menominee Indian Reserve. Two passengers were robbed of a small amount and another mail pouch was secured. Again "Black Bart" held up the stage on the Milwaukee and Northern Railroad line. An hour latter he robbed the train. During all this time he was holding up wayfarers passing through the woods of the Gogebic country. Following his train robbery he entered Bondenul, a village in Shawano County and compelled Phil Cann, proprietor of a general merchandise store, to deliver the money in the store safe. This amounted to fifty dollars. He was unmasked at this time, and fully recognized by Mr. Cann. His next exploit was the robbery of the Wisconsin Central sleeper, which he rounded off by murder in robbing the stage of the Gogebic Lake line.

The rewards offered for the capture of the brilliant young criminal aggregate about three thousand five hundred dollars. The Wisconsin Central Railway Company offered a reward of one thousand dollars for the capture of the man who robbed its trains near Chippewa Falls. The United States Government has a standing reward for the arrest of the Shawano mail robber. The Milwaukee, Lake Shore and Western Railway Company offered a reward of one thousand dollars for the Gogebic stage robber, and there are several other rewards which amount to five hundred dollars.

The only regret which this unfortunate

youth expresses since his capture is that he was so easily taken. He was determined to lose his freedom with his life, and says had he for a moment suspected the officers as they approached him, he would have shot them down.

We trust all our young readers will heed this solemn warning of a young life lost. Not always is the reading of pernicious literature followed by such terrible results as that just related, but no good ever comes from such a course. There is now abundance of good reading matter which elevates the thoughts and ennobles the mind without having resort to such trash as degrades the whole being. Parents, too, should place within the reach of their children only such matter as shall be of eternal benefit to them.

V. I.

PASSION.—In the slow progress of some insidious disease which is scarcely regarded by its cheerful and unconscious victim, it is mournful to mark the smile of gaiety as it plays over that very bloom, which is not the freshness of health but the flush of approaching mortality, amid studies, perhaps, just opening into intellectual excellence, and hopes and plans of generous ambitions that are never to be fulfilled. But how much more painful is it, to behold that equally insidious and far more desolating progress with which guilty passion steals upon the heart, when there is still sufficient virtue to feel remorse; and to sigh at the remembrance of purer years, but not sufficient to throw off the guilt, which is felt to be oppressive, and to return to that purity in which it would again, in its bitter moments, gladly take shelter, if only it had energy to vanquish the almost irresistible habits that would tear it back!

LEARNING.—Learning is like memory, one of the most powerful and excellent things in the world in skillful hands; in unskillful, the most mischievous.

For Our Little Folks.

NEW YORK NEWS-BOYS.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 401.]

IT WAS no easy work to influence the boys. To provide a lodging and eating-house for them was not a difficult matter; but to get the wild, scary, independent animals into it, was not so easily accomplished.

But the kind-hearted persons determined to try. They secured a loft over the old *Sun* office in Fulton Street, put in a few beds, built a bathroom, and set up tables. Then they went out into the streets and lanes, and coaxed the boys to come in.

Not one boy could they coax, and to compel them there was no authority. Every boy sniffed at the invitation as a "pious dodge." At last, after days of coaxing, a few of the leading boys were persuaded to "go in, just to see for themselves."

They found clean, nice beds, for sleeping in which, only six cents a night was asked. A good supper of milk, bread and butter could be had for four cents. Their hungry stomachs tempted them to try the supper, having first taken the bath, which was "thrown in."

When they had eaten supper, they looked at the beds. On a promise that they would be at liberty to go out in the morning, they concluded to try a bed, "just for once, to see how it felt." In the morning they

went out, sold papers, and ruminated upon that lodging-house.

They understood that a bed which only cost six cents was a better sleeping-place than the warmest grating. The supper was as good as it was cheap. But they could not understand the *motive*. There was "no money in it," that they saw at once; but was it a "pious dodge?" Did it mean in the end an asylum?

Finally, they settled in their minds that though "piety" and the "asylum" were at the bottom of the plan, yet it paid to sleep in the beds and eat the suppers. A number entered the lodging-house as regular borders, but with the determination to express their "protest" against all asylums and "pious dodges."

They planned a general scrimmage, as the best method of uttering their "protest." Thinking the superintendent a "street preacher," and, therefore, not "up" to news-boys' tricks, they determined to turn off the gas, upset things, and retreat to the bedroom for a "lark."

The superintendent discovered the plot, and quietly began a flank movement. He stationed a guard over the gascock, had a couple of policemen wait at the outer door, and placed watchmen in the large room, with orders to arrest the ring-leaders, and hand them over to the officers.

The boys, finding they could not get at the gascock, went to bed. Suddenly a pair of old boots flew

from a little fellow's bed, amid a wild chorus of "cat-calls" and shouts. As suddenly the little fellow found himself shivering in a tub of cold water.

Not a word was spoken. The boys saw the "game was up" for that night, and subsided. A watch was kept during the night, but there was no further attempt made to carry on the "lark."

Occasionally the watchmen heard a boy speak in an undertone to another,

"I say, Jim, this is better 'an bumming, eh?"

Then another boy would cautiously exclaim, "My eyes, what soft beds there is here!"

"Tom," whispered a little scamp, "it's 'most as good as a steam-gratin', and there aint no M. P.'s to poke, neither. I'm glad I aint a bummer tonight."

In the morning each boy had a good wash and a hearty breakfast. The sensation was a new one, and they rushed from the "Hotel" happier than they ever had been.

It was their first and last "lark" in the lodging-house, for they understood that the superintendent was "up" to news-boys. The "loft" soon became popular, and was known as the "Astor House," in emulation of the popular hotel whose granite front they saw from the windows of the news-boys' lodging-house. The movements became a success after that night's "protest." *F. Y.*

HOW A SMALL BOY GOT HIS RIGHTS.

BIG men are not always just or generous, and many times the small boy is a sufferer at their hands. Sometimes the big man is cross because he has eaten too much dinner—the small boy will understand now how uncomfortable he feels—and as he is too big to cry he vents his ill humor, many times, on the first small boy who comes in his way. Now you know that some people think that if you eat too much meat you will become savage, and, as this man who was unjust to the small boy was a butcher, perhaps he had eaten so much meat that he had become in part a savage. In one of the police courts up town, in New York, one morning not long since, a very small boy, in knickerbockers, appeared. He had a dilapidated cap in one hand and a green cotton bag in the other. Behind him came a big policeman, with a grin on his face. When the boy found himself in the court-room he hesitated and looked as if he would like to retreat, but as he half turned and saw the grin on his escort's face, he shut his lips tighter and walked up to the desk.

"Please, sir, are you the judge?" he asked, in a voice that had a queer little quiver in it.

"I am, my boy; what can I do for you?" asked the justice, as he looked wonderingly down at the mite before him.

"If you please, sir, I'm Johnny

Moore. I'm seven years old, and I live in 123d street, near the avenue, and the only good place to play miggles on is in front of a lot near our house, where the ground is smooth; but a butcher on the corner"—and here his voice grew steady and his cheeks flushed—"that hasn't any more right to the place than we have, keeps his wagon standing there, and this morning we were playing miggles there, and he drove us away, and took six of mine, and threw them away off over the fence into the lot, and I went to the police station, and they laughed at me, and told me to come here and tell you about it."

The big policeman and the spectators began to laugh boisterously, and the complainant at the bar trembled so violently with mingled indignation and fright that the marbles in his little green bag rattled together.

The justice, however, rapped sharply on the desk, and quickly brought everybody to dead silence. "You did perfectly right, my boy," said he gravely, "to come here and tell me about it. You have as much right to your six marbles as the richest man in the city has to his bank account. If every American citizen had as much regard for his rights as you show there would be far less crime. And you, sir," he added, turning to the big policeman, who now looked as solemn as a funeral, "you go with this little man to that butcher and make him pay for

those marbles, or else arrest him and bring him here."

You see this boy knew that his rights had been interfered with, and he went to the one having authority to redress his wrongs. He did not throw stones or say naughty words, but in a manly, dignified way demanded his rights. I. C.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON CHURCH
HISTORY PUBLISHED IN No.
16, VOL. XXIV.

1. WHEN our Savior was on the earth what did He say to His disciples regarding the love of the world?

A. "If ye were of the world, the world would love its own; but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you."

2. Are not these words as true and applicable to His Saints today as they were when He spoke them?

A. They are.

3. How long will the world continue to hate the truth and the people of God? A. Until the time shall come that Satan shall have no more power over the hearts of the children of men.

4. When do people who profess to be Saints exhibit signs of apostasy? A. When they seek for the love and praise of the world.

5. Why? A. Because they show that they are ready to sell out their interest in the kingdom of God for the perishable things of the earth.

6. What was the position of Rigdon in this regard? A. He wished to make terms with the world to gain its favor, and to be well received by it.

7. How did the wicked look upon his movements? A. With pleasure; they applauded all his attempts to destroy the Church. Apostates who, while he was in fellowship with Joseph and the Twelve Apostles, despised and ridiculed him and called him hard names, now were favorable and friendly to him.

8. Why did the wicked manifest so much interest in his movements? A. Not that they had any real liking or respect for him, for they had not; but because they hoped he would be successful in his base designs.

9. When they saw that he had no success in his schemes, and that the work of God prospered, notwithstanding all his efforts and opposition, how did they act towards him? A. They ceased to pay any attention to him, and his movements no longer possessed the least interest for them.

10. How was it with President Young, the Twelve Apostles and the Saints associated with them? A. The wicked both hated and feared them, and they were never lost sight of, all the persecution which they had experienced during Joseph's lifetime was still continued unto to them now that he was dead.

THE following are the names of

those who correctly answered Questions on Church History published in No. 16: Annie S. Sessions, Jennetta Blood, Ella Jarvis, Emma E. Tolman, Heber C. Blood, Henry H. Blood and James G. West.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. WHEN did Father Young move to Kirtland, Ohio? 2. To what office, and by whom was he ordained the next year after his arrival in Kirtland? 3. When did he leave Kirtland for Missouri? 4. What sort of treatment did he encounter during almost the entire journey? 5. When and where did he die? 6. What was his age at the time of his death? 7. What does Joseph Smith, in alluding to his history, say of his death? 8. After volunteering in his boyhood to serve in the army to redeem the land from oppression, is it not strange that neither he nor his children were allowed to enjoy that liberty for which he fought?

THE GENTLEMEN at a dinner-table were discussing the familiar line, "An honest man's the noblest work of God," when a little son of the host spoke up and said: "It's not true. My mother's better'n any man that was ever made."

INTEMPERATE youth, by sad experience found,
Ends in an age imperfect and unsound.


The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1889.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

The Word of Wisdom.

OOD health, either in man or woman, is most desirable; for without it usefulness is greatly curtailed. A strong, healthy man is capable of performing much more service for himself and for humanity than a weakly man, all other things being equal. And so it may be said concerning a healthy woman. It should, therefore, be of great importance to our young people to take such care of themselves while young as to insure good health. It is for this purpose that the Lord has given us counsel in the Word of Wisdom. The Lord desires His people to be a healthy people. This is plain from all that He has commanded His servants to write upon this subject.

The Latter-day Saints generally are healthy, and we are likely to produce a healthy race. The Lord has given unto us an excellent climate in these mountains, and if our children profit by the lessons which are taught, there is no reason why they should not be the strongest people, physically, to be found on the earth. And if their physical natures be well developed, and they possess the Spirit of the Lord, they will be a great people intellectually; for they will have strong intellects as well as strong bodies.

Those who follow the fashions of Babylon may have good reason to expect the evils which prevail in Babylon to fall upon them. When we see children learning to drink tea and coffee, boys learning to smoke and chew tobacco, girls copying after unhealthy fashions, we feel sorry, because by adopting these fashions they produce direct injury to their physical systems. Every one who has had

experience knows that the use of tea and coffee as a beverage is not good; and smoking, it is admitted even by those who are not opposed to it, is very injurious to the young, and is a fruitful cause of early decay and the destruction of physical and mental power.

At the present time all these fashions are being introduced in our midst. There are numbers of people who come from other places, and who are not Latter-day Saints, who indulge in all these habits, and many of the children here readily fall into them.

We wish that the words of the Lord would be listened to by all the children of the Latter-day Saints in these mountains. We wish, also, that they would give heed to the counsel of those who have had experience. If they would, no child among the Latter-day Saints would ever touch tea or coffee, or any such beverages, every boy would refrain from using tobacco in every form, and the drinking of beer, of wine and of spirituous liquors would never be known in any of our settlements.

If the counsel our Father in heaven has given upon these points were accepted, we should be a very happy and a very healthy people. Our children would grow up strong and vigorous, full of life and health, and the Spirit of God would be with them in power, and we should excel both in qualities of mind and body.

Little readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, look around you and watch the men and women who strictly listen to the counsel which the Lord has given in the Word of Wisdom, and you will see that they are healthier, happier and have more faith than those who do not take His counsel, but who fall into the foolish and wicked fashions that prevail in the world. Profit by their example, and in days to come you will be thankful that you were so obedient as to except for your guidance the word of the Lord.

How rich is poverty's scant hoard,
When God hath blessed its lot;
How poor the heaps that wealth has stored,
If He hath blessed them not.

VIEWS OF THE ALHAMBRA.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 409.]

THE Court of Lions is opposite the Hall of the Abencerrages. It is by many considered the most beautiful part of the palace. It is oblong in shape, being about twice as long as it is broad, and is surrounded by a low gallery supported on 124 white marble columns. These columns are irregularly placed, but the general form of the whole is very elegant and graceful. In the middle of the court is the celebrated Fountain of Lions, which consist of an alabaster basin resting on twelve white marble lions. Lions they are called by courtesy, but they do not really resemble any animal at all. They have been purposely made unlike any animal, the reason of this being that the Moors are forbidden by their religion to reproduce the likeness of anything in heaven or earth. So rigidly is this rule obeyed, that to this day artists and others who visit Moslem countries find the greatest difficulty in persuading the people to sit as models for paintings or sculpture, although the prohibition is not nearly so much respected as it once was. Thus it follows that the human figure is never seen in Moorish decorations. Whether, however, the lions are accurately sculptured or not they answer their purpose and serve as emblems of strength.

When the fountain was in good order a mass of water was thrown up by it, and this fell into the alabaster basin and passed through the mouths of the lions. Around the edge of the basin is an Arabic inscription.

In one of the recesses of the Alhambra is placed what is called the Alhambra Vase. This is a large vase nearly a yard and a half high, enamelled in blue, white and gold. It is supposed to date from 1,320, and to have been brought full of gold dust from Damascus, which gold dust was intended to pay the cost of building the Alhambra. Originally there were several other vases, all of which

were found under the pavement of the Alhambra in the sixteenth century filled with gold. One of these was sold by the governor of the palace to an English gentleman. The one now remaining has only one handle. It is interesting to hear that the Moors of the fourteenth century were highly skilled in the art of making pottery, so much so that the Christian lords of the day used to order from them vases and plaques adorned with their coats-of-arms. There is a copy of the Alhambra vase in the South Kensington Museum, London.

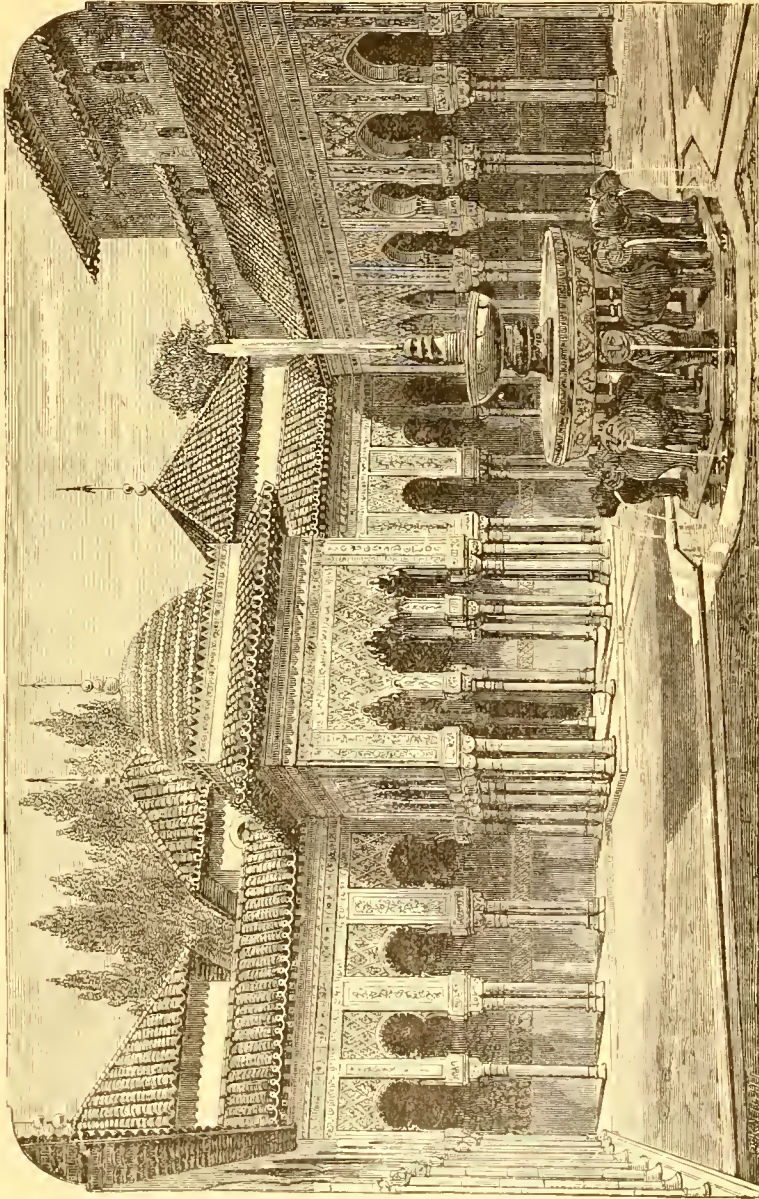
From the summit of the Alhambra towers a beautiful view may be obtained of the Granada and the surrounding country, with the mountains in the distance. One of these peaks is particularly interesting from the association connected with it. It is called the "Last Sight of the Moor," because when Boabdil, the last Moorish king of Granada (the same Boabdil who murdered the Abencerrages), was fleeing with his mother and one or two faithful attendants from the conquering Spaniards who had defeated him and taken possession of his dominions, he turned round at this spot to take a last farewell look at his beloved home. History records that after gazing for a minute or two he sighed deeply and said, "When were trials equal to mine?" upon which his mother remarked, "Weepst thou now like a woman for what thou could'st not defend like a man!"

Poor Boabdil! he surely had enough to bear without being taunted in this way by one who ought to have comforted him. But Boabdil's mother was the cruel, jealous Sultana Ayesha who had persuaded him to wage war against Zoraya; and people who are themselves hard-hearted can scarcely be expected to display much sympathy with the sorrows of others.

The marvelous beauty of the Alhambra which has made the palace celebrated all over the world is quite unique. The courts into which it is divided are spacious, and are separated by partitions wonderfully decorated with what has been called a "lace-like orna-

mentation," the colors employed being chiefly blue, red and a golden yellow. There are galleries light in structure supported by marble pillars, mosaic pavements, cool

This is most elaborate and beautiful. In looking at it we cannot but marvel at the patience and care displayed by those Moorish workmen of long ago which could



THE COURT OF THE LIONS.

chambers, fountains and small gardens, all wonderful to behold. The decoration of the walls constitutes, however, the peculiarity of the palace.

produce such minute and finished ornaments.

Indeed, it seems as if something of the same spirit which gave England her glorious Gothic

cathedrals animated also the builders of the Granada, that spirit which was referred to by the poet when he told us that

"In elder days of art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part,
For the gods are everywhere."

It is not a huge palace with long terraces, immense reception rooms and state apartments; it is a royal retreat, and its chief charm consists in its wonderful adaptation to the requirements and even the voluptuous tastes of those who had lived in it. The numerous fountains which cooled the air, the judicious disposition of doors and windows securing free ventilation, the shady gardens, all made it the ideal palace for a hot climate; and when, in addition, we note its gorgeous coloring, delicate and elaborate decoration and architectural grace, we cannot wonder that so many travelers have gone into raptures over it, and have scarcely been able to find words to express their admiration for it.

MY VISIT TO EASTERN LANDS.

THE fascinating rays of history are emitted from but one part of the human race, known as the Caucasian; the others have done little of interest. This race is again divided by the historian into three branches: the Aryan, the Hemitic and the Semitic. The first of these included the Persians, the Hindoos and nearly all of the European nations, and is noted for its intellectual vigor. The second embraces two mighty nations of past history, the Chaldeans and the Egyptians, which is now noted for massive architecture. The third branch includes the Assyrians, the Hebrews, the Phœnicians and the Arabs, and throughout it has been marked with strong religious fervor, and has given the world three faiths—Jewish, Christian and Mohammedan—which teach the worship of one God.

Young readers of the INSTRUCTOR are

acquainted with Christians and somewhat with Jews, but we are little acquainted with Mohammedans, although we may know that a large portion of the inhabitants of the earth belong to this faith. Our purpose now will be to spend some time with these people, and to glance quickly at their past history.

The great framer of the destinies of nations, nearly one thousand nine hundred years ago, favored a Semitic people with a star in history that will ever glow with interest above all other events of which we may read, and this was the birth of Jesus Christ among the Jews. After this event, history leaves this branch in absolute quiet for more than six hundred years, when its slumbers were disturbed, in the early part of the seventh century, by the appearance of a reformer among the Arabs, called Mohammed, or Mahomet. He taught a new religion; and, through its promulgation, worked wonders among many peoples.

The doctrines of these two noted personages of Semitic nations would compare badly together, should we be called to examine them in the light of their respective merits; but worse still would be the comparison of the individuals themselves. This shall not be our purpose, however, in our little article, but we would like to remind the young reader that the Latter-day Saints possess facts whereby they do not, as many Christians do, look at Mohammed, or such as have espoused his doctrines, as a curse to humanity. Such men as Mohammed, Luther, Calvin and many others have been the means in the hands of God whereby necessary reforms were brought about for the ready consummation of His allwise purposes.

A knowledge of the good Mohammed has accomplished will also aid us to better understand this. When he appeared as a reformer among his nation, they were most superstitious idolaters. They adored the common sights of nature, such as lone trees and rough stones, as the abode of the Power they had not learned to comprehend, while gross ignorance hung like depressing darkness over the land.

Idolatrous people in these days are sought out and strenuous efforts are made for their redemption, by the wealth and learning of Christianity. But what they signally fail in, notwithstanding their power, Mohammed himself accomplished among the Arabs, by means of a religion singularly adapted to the station or understanding of idolaters.

Islam, or the principles of Mohammed, has that one feature about it that it seems to be a stepping-stone for the easy bringing of benighted people to a higher scale of existence. The whole religion is built on the grand foundation, "There is no God but God;" and the conversion of thousands in these days to acknowledge this fact, together with the invariable "Mohammed is God's prophet," bears out the assertion that the religion has the virtue we mention. I will need but slightly refer to the progress of Islam in the wilds of Asia and central Africa, in which place it is generally conceded that many Mussulmans are yearly being added to the already wide-spread religion.

It cannot be denied that the fire of reform in Arabia was added to by the sword, and that Islam was afterwards carried abroad under foul means by its zealous devotees; but, from a close study of the religion of these days, I am persuaded that not so much blame can be attached to Islam as Christians accorded it. It is really no just cause for depreciation of the merits of a principle that some of its adherents, or rather espousers, have failed in goodly works.

It may be argued that many bad results have come through Islam; but it can better be argued that the religion has done an exceedingly great amount of good. Mussulmans point with pride, as they well may, to the early flourishing of learning in Arabia, and hesitate not to give their religion the honor. They further glory in the fact of brotherly love for all mankind who receive God and His prophet; and Islam shows in practical working more humble regard for inferiors than can be found in the whole confines of Christendom.

These are the conspicuous qualities of worth which we see in Islam. It contains many minor formalities, many of which compare nowise badly with benighted Christianity, but the more minute description we leave the reader to gather from some of the many books about their religious devotions.

When the day comes, as it will be sure to do, that the exclusiveness, or probably it may be called religious bigotry of Mussulmans, shall have been tempered down to allowing them to investigate the principles of truth, then will the works of Mohammed shine forth in their true light, and it will readily be seen that his mission has been a great one.

James Clove.

SKETCHES FROM THE SAMOAN ISLANDS.

WE LANDED upon Aunuu, and thereby got to the end of our journey, June 21st, 1888. Upon reaching the shore Faasopo, Manoa's wife, escorted us to her house through the grove of cocoanut trees, leading my wife by the hand. The women and children scampered along in a wild and uncivilized fashion, laughing aloud in unrestrained and natural heartiness. Aunuu was enjoying a circus, so to speak, and the exhibition did not close until, in self-defense, we closed the doors and hung up curtains to the windows to shut out the gaze of the greatly entertained audience.

When Manoa had assisted the men to haul their boat up on the beach, he came to the house, and, as the room in which we were was full of natives, he led me into another where we could be alone. Then taking me by the hand he said with much emotion, that he was thankful that the Lord had preserved his life to meet one of His servants upon Samoa.

Manoa is about fifty years of age, six feet high and somewhat slim. Is the reverse of good-looking, but kind-hearted and straightforward in his dealings. He has had a vast experience and is therefore considerably above the average of his race in intelligence. In

1882 while fishing with giant powder it exploded prematurely in his right hand, shattering the limb badly. He decided to amputate it at the wrist. He took an old chisel he had, and placing the wrist of the right hand on a log, held the chisel on it with his left, while a native struck the chisel with a club. He fainted before the operation was completed, but upon reviving, the mutilated hand was finally hacked off. He was laid up on account of this accident for fifteen months.

He has done considerable trading in *copra* (the dried meat of the cocoanut) and made a good deal of money. He has a nice lumber house the material of which cost \$1,200. It is 40 x 20 feet, one and a half stories high, with shingled roof, and porch the full length; also a back kitchen the full length of the building. He built it himself, with the assistance of two or three young Samoans. The house contains three rooms besides the kitchen, and is very well built throughout.

Manoa gave us the south room to live in, and we were soon enabled to make ourselves quite comfortable.

I told Manoa to give out among the people that we would hold meeting Sunday morning if he would interpret for me. He did so, and at the appointed hour Sunday morning, June 24th, we held our first services.

The house was crowded and the porch full of natives anxious to see and hear. What a consolation it would have been if I could have spoken to them in their own tongue! Manoa gave out a hymn from the Church of England hymn book beginning with the words, "*Jesu, e ou le aso sa.*" Everybody, old and young, knew the hymn by heart, and joined in singing it with a spirit and gusto that was not only inspiring but almost startling. Manoa offered prayer. After another hymn I spoke to them for forty minutes as best I could through an interpreter. Explained to them in a general way the object of my coming to Samoa and the character of the work I had come to represent. They seemed much interested and paid strict attention.

Next day I suggested to Manoa that he be re-baptized and renew his covenants before the Lord, to which he willingly assented, and so I baptized him in the sea (there being no running water on Aunuu) in front of his boat-house.

After returning to the house I prepared to confirm him, and as his wife Faasopo and another woman named Malaea were in the house. I asked Manoa to invite them into our room to witness the ceremony. The Spirit of the Lord was poured out in rich abundance upon us, and though the two women could not understand what I said, they felt the spirit by which we were surrounded, and to my great joy and consolation, Malaea immediately applied for baptism. We had prayed earnestly to the Lord for months before coming here that the hearts of the people might be prepared to receive the gospel, and here was one applying for admission to the Church before I could begin to speak the language. My heart was filled with joy and gratitude to the Lord, for He had done all the converting. So I baptized my first convert on the Samoan Islands, June 24, 1888. She has stood firm in the faith ever since, and her husband and four of her six children have since been baptized.

Two days after, the principal chief of Aunuu, Lemafa, and his wife Leutuva, applied for baptism. The former had been baptized many years ago by Belio, but after the latter's death had again returned to the Church of England society. Two days after, five more made application, and by the time Sunday came again (July 1st) the members of the Church on Aunuu, including ourselves, numbered fifteen.

We administered the sacrament of the Lord's supper that day for the first time in Samoa. We used bread-fruit and water, there being no bread upon the island. Manoa and Lemafa bore their testimonies, and though we could not understand them, and I could only speak to them through Manoa, yet we all rejoiced exceedingly before the Lord, being filled with the same spirit.

One of the sisters that was baptized, Tumoe by name, had been afflicted for a long time with an alarming complaint, and her family had been afraid for months that it would cause her death. When she applied for baptism, I explained to her that people were often baptized for the restoration of their health, and that I thought that if she would exercise faith and believe that the Lord would hear our prayers, she would be completely healed. She replied that she believed all I said was true, and that the Lord would have respect unto my petition in her behalf. So when we went into the water I baptized her for the remission of her sins and for her restoration to health. Her testimony is that from that moment she has been completely healed, not having felt the least symptom of her sickness since.

Thus was the Lord with us to comfort our hearts and sustain our promises, and enable us to plant the gospel among the Samoan people.

J. H. D.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.



HE Prophet Nephi, quoting the words of the Prophet Isaiah, says: "What shall then answer the messengers of the nations? That the Lord hath founded Zion, and the poor of His people shall trust in it."

This prophecy has been literally fulfilled in our day. The messengers of the nations, as Isaiah calls them, that is, the missionaries carrying the gospel, have invariably answered the questions of inquirers in the exact language, it may be said, of Isaiah, "That the Lord hath founded Zion, and the poor of His people shall trust in it." This is one of the objects for which Zion was to be founded. The founding of Zion has brought immense relief to the poor, and they have had abundant reason to trust in it; for God has multiplied them like a flock, and He has largely increased their store. In no part of the

earth that I am acquainted with have poor people done so well as have the Latter-day Saints since they came to these mountains. When we take into consideration that this Territory was first settled by people stripped almost of everything they had, and who came here entirely destitute of the comforts and with but few of the necessities of life; and that their numbers have been recruited by poor people from the nations of the earth, many of whom have been helped here; and that these people have had to acquire new methods of earning their living, being entire strangers to the conditions which surrounded them, it is marvelous in the extreme that they have been so prospered. The Lord has fulfilled His word, through His servants, to the Latter-day Saints. They have been prospered beyond example. The promise is also that they will be, and that He will make of us a great people. All that He requires of us is to listen to His counsel and to seek to do His will.

If any should doubt the truth of the promises which He has made, they have only to look around them and examine the circumstances of the faithful Latter-day Saints. It is true that some who have apostatized have prospered for awhile in their temporal circumstances; but they are the exceptions; and sooner or later the seeming prosperity which they have, deserts them. Numerous instances might be mentioned to illustrate this. Those who have clung to the truth, and who have been steadfast in their loyalty to the cause of God, have been a blessed and prospered people. This will be more apparent as time rolls on; for there will be a more marked distinction between the faithful and the unfaithful than appears at the present time.

Attempts are not wanting, however, to destroy the confidence of the poor in Zion. We have at the present time in this city, demagogues and wicked men of various kinds, who are striving with all their might to destroy the faith of the people in the organization which God has established. They appeal to their lowest passions, and they seek to impose

upon their ignorance. Misrepresentations of every kind are made in such a plausible manner as to impose upon the unwary. No doubt, some are misled by these statements.

Satan has great power in the earth, and he is using it to the greatest possible extent. If piling up lies against the work of God and His people would smother us, we should have been dead long ago. Lies are Satan's refuge. He uses them with the greatest possible effect. He would like to separate the people from the leading men who bear the Priesthood.

If he could make it appear to the members of the Church that their interests were not cared for by their leaders, and that there was a gulf of separation between them, he would be delighted. If he could persuade them that by entering into other organizations they could accomplish ends that could not be reached through Zion, he would be gratified.

And this is one object that at present he and his servants seem to have in view. They are busy instilling ideas into the minds of working people that they can accomplish much more good for themselves by connecting themselves with other organizations, such as labor organizations, than they can by remaining connected with the Church alone. Those of the Latter-day Saints who believe such things are being misled. They are placing themselves in a false position.

These combinations that are now being formed all over Christendom by working people, to resist the encroachments of capital, may appear justifiable in the eyes of the oppressed working people in Babylon. No doubt, they are some of the combinations which are referred to in the Book of Mormon that should arise in the last days. The objects of many of them are not confined to the redress of grievances of working people. They seek to effect political ends, and it has been plainly hinted that in this Territory the organizations which are being made are designed to accomplish political purposes.

We do not know how many Latter-day Saints have become members of the labor or-

ganizations here; but the very fact that such men as are encouraging them by making public speeches in their favor and flattering them, are urging them to maintain these organizations, should inspire them with doubt concerning their objects; for these men to whom we refer care no more about the workingman than they do about the animals they use. They have an object in view, and that is a political one. If they can sow the seeds of distrust and disaffection and induce the people to forsake the cause of God and to no longer put their trust in Zion, they will have accomplished their ends. All they care about is to divide the Latter-day Saints and to secure political control in the Territory, and to accomplish this they will descend to all sorts of trickery and circulate the most unfounded statements concerning Zion and concerning the purposes of the servants of God.

The rule that the Savior gave, "By their fruits ye shall know them," applies with force to these parties. What have their fruits been in the past? They have been the avowed and the constant enemies of the Latter-day Saints. Their fruits are seen in the Edmunds law and the Edmunds-Tucker law, and in the many attempts which have been made to obtain legislation that would deprive the Latter-day Saints of every right and bring us under their control. They have no sympathy for us; they have no pity for the poor. If they could hoodwink the workingmen into the belief that they are being imposed upon by their brethren, and that they would do well to join with them and vote against the People's Party, they would be delighted. To accomplish this they would stop at nothing.

This is a time when every man should have the light of truth shining within his own soul. He should know for himself concerning the proper course to take; and to have this knowledge he should live so near the Lord that he would have His Spirit constantly with him to guide him. The man that is in this condition knows the voice of the true shepherd when he hears it, and he is not easily deceived. Wolves in sheep's clothing cannot

impose upon him; he will detect their character and reject their blandishments.

The Lord has founded Zion, and the poor of His people should trust in it. They have every reason given to them to inspire confidence, and if they cling to Zion and seek constantly, with singleness of purpose, to build it up, God will bless them and make them a great and a mighty people.

The Editor.

REUNITED.

IT WAS a dreadful cold day in the month of January. The snow was falling in large flakes. The wind was terribly cutting. Woe betide anyone who had to meet this fierce winter's blast who was but poorly clad!

On this particular day, in a dreary-looking garret of a house, situated in a quarter which was frequented by unfortunate people of all grades, sat two persons. The older was a woman still in the prime of life, and although her face was wan and pale it still bore traces of former beauty. She seemed to have known better days. By her conversation and noble bearing one could tell she had been well educated. She must have had some terrible troubles and trials to have brought her to such a position. Her companion was a boy, about the age of fifteen, bright, intelligent, and with an honest, straightforward look which seemed to speak volumes. He was worthy of a better fate than living in such a place as that. The woman's name was Ethel Drayton, and her companion was her only son, Reginald. And she, good woman that she was, seemed to bestow upon him all a mother's love and affection, and it would often cause this poor creature many a pang of pain to think of her boy being subjected to the traps and snares of city life, and having to meet the temptations with which they were surrounded.

The room they occupied was uncomfortable, and scantily furnished, but it was kept very

nice and clean, and the dreariness of the place was not noticed by these two persons.

"Reginald, my son," Mrs. Drayton said, "I have been thinking what will become of us if we fail to meet the bill of our landlord at rent day."

"Don't let that trouble you, mother."

"But it does trouble me when I can not see my way clear to pay it," Mrs. Drayton said.

"Well, I don't want you to be down-hearted; Mr. Hardcastle will surely trust us for a short time," exclaimed her son.

"You little know John Hardcastle, my boy, or you would not talk like that. According to what I have heard of him he is a wicked man and this causes me to trouble over it."

"Well mother, we must meet it if we can. If work will do it and I can get it, we shall be independent of this man."

"I know, my son, your will is good, but you must remember that work is not always to be got."

"But I can only try, and if I succeed then we shall be all right; but if I fail, then I shall still have the knowledge of having done my duty."

"God bless you, my son, it would indeed be a poor life for me if I had not the pleasure of your company; but I want you to remember this, always be honest, and if you see things that you would like to possess, never let any evil thoughts prompt you to steal them."

"No, I will not steal. If I cannot gain them in an honest manner I will do without them."

"If you do this you will always prosper and the Lord will open up the way for you whereby you may gain an honest livelihood."

"I will try, mother."

"Then you will be rewarded," she said.

"Now I must be off if I intend to hunt the city for employment; for by being idle I cannot gain my desires."

"Very well, my boy, I see you are anxious to go so I will not keep you waiting." She

then kissed him and with an earnest "God bless you" she bade him adieu.

After Reginald had taken his departure the poor woman sat down and gave vent to her pent-up feelings in a copious flow of tears. To have seen her in the midst of her grief would have caused many a flint-like heart to show a degree of pity.

Ethel Drayton was the only daughter of a rich merchant in the city, and she having married against his wish, caused him to turn against her. He sternly refused her admittance into his house. The man to whom she had given herself was but a clerk in one of the large business houses in the city. Although he did not receive a very large salary then, he was in hopes of getting an advance. Consequently they lived happily in spite of their various troubles and the limited means at their command.

About eighteen months after marriage they had a son born unto them which seemed to add to the joy of these two loving souls. As time wore on he was given an advance and was mounting the ladder of prosperity step by step and speedily gaining promotion, when one day news was brought to her that Mr. Drayton had been knocked down by a passing vehicle and so severely crushed that he was not expected to recover. She went to the hospital and attended him in his dying moments and tried all she could to comfort him. Towards night he passed quietly to rest. His poor wife grief-stricken and with a feeling of having lost her one and only friend, bore up bravely against this terrible adversity, and by the means she had accumulated was able to live comfortably, although she could never forget the fate of him she loved. She managed to give her son a good education and taught him all that was good and useful. While she was doing her best to keep their little home running, she suddenly took sick and that exhausted what little money she had. Finally she was forced to take up her residence in this miserable garret.

She had been sitting for a short while in

silent reverie, when she was aroused by a violent knocking at her door.

"Come in!" she exclaimed, and in reply to her invitation in walked a man whose burly form nearly filled the open doorway. He was well-dressed, but wore a great profusion of gaudy jewelry. He had a dark sinister look about his eyes which plainly told his character. His face wore an evil expression and was considerably flushed, no doubt owing to the stimulating influences of drink. He was a confirmed gambler and also a lustful and wicked man. All that he tried to do was to suit his own ends whether it caused misery to other people or not. Such was the landlord of the miserable dwelling occupied by Mrs. Drayton and son.

"Good morning," he said on entering.

"Good morning, Mr. Hardcastle," she replied coldly.

"You are not surprised at my visit, I see?"

"No, I cannot say I am!"

"Well I thought I would come to see you as I have something to tell you."

"Oh, indeed, and pray what is it?"

"It is to remind you of the time your rent becomes due; but—"

"You need not have troubled yourself to call upon me on that account, for I do not generally have to be reminded of what I owe!"

"But, I was going to show you a way by which you may avoid the payment of it."

"What is your plan then?" she inquired.

"I want you to marry me."

"Marry you!" and her lips curled with scorn at the proposition.

"Yes, why not? am I so distasteful to you?"

"No sir; I cannot marry you, for I would sooner live in such a place as this than live with such a man; so I hope you will leave me in peace."

"Not so fast, my lady, pause and consider for a moment; I can give you wealth and position and you shall have all you desire. Your son, too, shall have a good education and be brought up as a gentleman."

"Again I say, I cannot and will not marry you!"

"Very well, you have given me your answer, now I will give you mine: If you don't have the money by tomorrow at one o'clock I will sell you up stick and stone and turn you both out into the street."

"I would rather be sold up 'stick and stone' as you call it than live with a man of such ill-repute as you."

"All right, we will see if your independent spirit cannot be broken," he hissed as he speedily took his departure.

When he had gone the poor woman sat down and sobbed hysterically. Oh! when will my troubles cease?" she cried, "shall I ever have happiness again?" And as she suddenly started up with renewed light in her eyes she exclaimed, "Yes! there is hope, I will see my father, he surely will listen to his daughter's supplication." And with that she dried up her tears and started to prepare for her son a meal from what little food she had, for she expected him home in a short while.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

REVELATION VERSUS SUPERSTITION!

IT IS astonishing how quickly errors of doctrine and curious ideas take possession of individuals and peoples when they lose the Spirit of God, which is the spirit of revelation. It seems that in the days of the apostles of the Lord it only required their absence for a short time from any branch of the church that had been organized, for the introduction by the adversary of heresies and false theories. So it is also in our day, the people must be frequently taught by inspired men or they will fall into error and entertain ideas which are not approved of God.

In view of these facts we can readily form a faint conception of the gross darkness that beclouded the minds of the people who lived between the times of the Savior and the restoration of the gospel to the Prophet Joseph. Then direct revelation from God was un-

known, or at least unrecognized, and the grossest superstition prevailed, which latter has even yet not been dispelled, though the true gospel has been preached over fifty-nine years. Within a decade the following incident occurred in the very heart of intellectual Europe. It is an evidence that there is considerable work yet to be done before a knowledge of God covers the whole earth.

There lived for many years in one of the Swiss cantons a man of moderate means, who was blessed with a good wife and several fine children. He had a high moral character, good habits and was most exemplary in the instructing and care of his family, and yet was a believer in none of the numerous religions taught in his neighborhood. His wife, however, was a devout member of the Catholic church, and his children were rather inclined to accept the same doctrine. To this he raised no objection, but was quite willing they should thus obtain all the consolation possible. In course of time this man died, to the great sorrow of his family, friends and acquaintances. Shortly thereafter a priest visited the mourning family and urged upon them the necessity of having mass said for the dead man that his soul might thus be delivered from the purgatory to which his unbelieving life had consigned him. The visitor stated that the night previous he had seen the spirit of the infidel, and it was shrouded in blackness because of his sins, and he implored the holy man to see that prayers were uttered for him. After considerable of such talk, the cost of these services—quite a considerable sum of money—was named and paid.

A few days elapsed when the priest again visited the family, and stated that mass had been said to the full amount of the money paid with the result that the reverend gentleman had again seen the spirit of the departed the night before and it was now half in the light; but the dead one's request to his family was that they would again pay money that his other half might bask in eternal light. The superstitious wife again took from her

much-needed store a sum of money and handed it to her adviser.

In a short time the reverend man appeared again with the joyful intelligence that the spirit of the husband and father was now enveloped in light, for which it had expressed its unbounded joy during the darkness of the preceding night. To insure a fullness of joy and eternal peace, however, the continuation of the mass for a short time would be necessary, and it was to obtain the means for this that the priest made his third call. Again the funds of this distressed family were diminished to satisfy cruel superstition.

A fourth call on the family for money for some paltry service in behalf of the dead, was met by the widow with a stern refusal and rebuke. She saw through the scheme of plunder to which she had been subjected, and became, as her husband had been, an unbeliever in man-made systems of religion.

Russia is a hot bed of superstitious fear. To St. Anthony, their principal saint, letters of introduction are always placed in the hands of the dead, and passports are fastened with ribbons about their heads to insure their immediate and safe entrance into heaven. Religious services, which are long or short according to the payment made by the surviving relatives, are also held over the bodies. Woe betide the luckless spirit whose friends cannot pay for these necessary papers! To it no rest or peace can come until the avaricious priest has heard the jingle of the coin in his box.

Of St. Anthony it is said by an old author that he "came all the way from Rome to Novogorod by water on a millstone, sailing down the Tiber to Civita Vecchia, from thence passing through several seas to the mouth of the Neva, then went up that, and, crossing the lake Ladoga into the Volkhoff, arrived at the city before named. Besides this extraordinary voyage, he wrought several other miracles as soon as he landed where the monastery now stands that is dedicated to him; one was to order a company of fishermen to cast their nets into the sea; which

having done, they immediately drew up, with a great quantity of fish, a large trunk containing several church ornaments, sacred utensils, and priestly vestments for celebrating the liturgy, which the Russians, as well as the Eastern Greeks, believe was first performed at Rome in the same manner and with the same ceremonies as they themselves use at this time. The people tell you, further, that he built himself a little cell, in which he ended his days. In this place there now stands a chapel, in which they say he was buried, and that his body remains as uncorrupted as at the instant of his death. Over the door of the cell, the monks show a millstone, which they endeavor to make the ignorant people believe is the very same that the saint sailed upon from Rome, and to which great devotions were once paid, and many offerings made, till the time Peter the Great made himself sovereign pontiff."

In that country of ice and snow new-born children are dipped into the Neva river in mid-winter through holes cut in the ice. The water is first, however, blessed by the Patriarch. Doves would not be eaten by a religious Russian though he were starving, because the Holy Ghost assumed this form when it descended upon Jesus immediately after His baptism.

These and many other astonishing ideas bind the minds of the people in a species of intellectual slavery which it is painful to behold.

How grateful then all people should be that the channel of revelation is again opened, and that a gospel has been restored which can satisfy man in every station and circumstance of life! A plan, too, which satisfies reason, banishes superstition and places every penitent believer in direct and continuous communication with God. That we have received this gospel should fill us with unstinted happiness, and the determination that our acts and words shall assist others to be made partakers of the same joy which we feel.

"CALL."

WORDS AND MUSIC BY

H. H. PETERSEN.

Now sounds the call "Come to Me, ye scat - ter'd peo - ple"

Now sounds the call "Come ye out of ev - 'ry land, Long have you

suf - fer'd the pangs of op - pres - sion— Come to the re - fuge pre -

pared by My hand," "Come to the re - fuge pre-pared by My hand."

Hark! sons of Israel, that voice from heav'n
is sounding,

Now's come the time when Jehovah calls
thee home;

Hast thou forgotten the voice of thy Shep-
herd?

Art thou still doubting, unwilling to come?

Why do you linger in fetters of destruc-
tion?

Wash off your guilt ere you reap the fruits
of sin;

Those who are wicked shall reap death and
sorrow.

Come to the refuge, your journey begin.

Though strewn with thorns be the path that
you must follow,

Though straight and narrow the gateway
may appear,

Though fierce the battle, though foes thickly
gather,

Fear not, look up! for your Savior is near.

He, your Redeemer, the way prepared before
you,

Opened the portals that barred the heav'nly
land;

He'll be your Beacon when storms overtake
you,

Lead you to vict'ry by His mighty hand.

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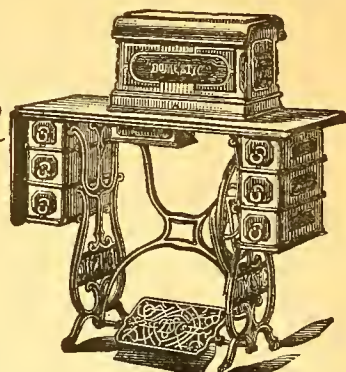
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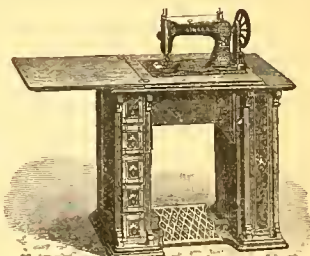
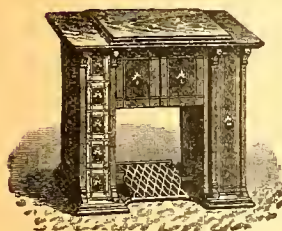
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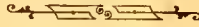
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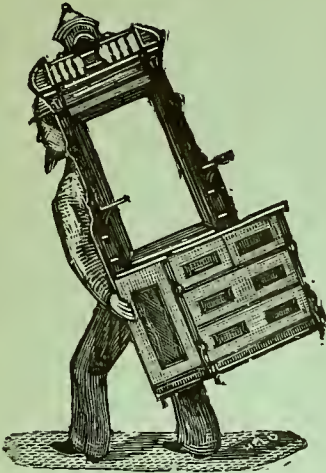
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